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best of
Café Café

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Poems in the *Best of Café Café* are selected by the community via poetry challenge winners, IBPC (InterBoard Poetry Community) entries selected by Diego Quiros and also by Didi Menendez, who hands out virtual make-believe flamingos.

between mask & face

one should try to make sense of all patterns: below &
around & above. it is my mission, after all. i know this.

yet i cannot draw myself away from the earl-grey tea,
ruminations. maybe all larrikin days must end quickly;

i should pin my badge to another. william is a terse lad,
but every evening as i ought to fly he polishes his boots,

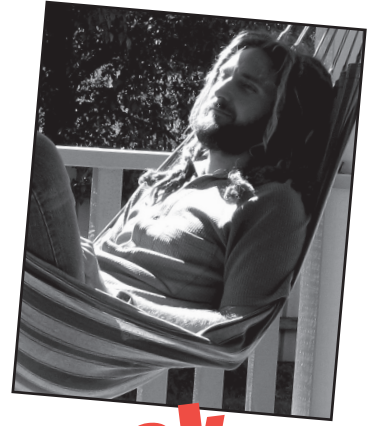
dines lightly & gives me a knowing wink. unscathed
in the morning he savours a breakfast. perhaps as shadow

i always recognised him, slipping in to comfort me when
the nightmares hit: the bodies floating back skyward,

grinning. i can't spot enemy lines now, surely because
his soft phallus & scratching kisses have etherised my spirit.

my fight. i am not angry. often i relish becoming lost in the weft of
a stray wire, the twist of a clouding star. the empire, one we fight for,

is immeasurably more than a vague concept. but i forget in what way.
i imagine my wife plays online. the lawns are green this time of year.



Derek Motion

Derek Motion was born in Melbourne & grew up there for a few years & then grew a bit more in Wagga Wagga. He considers his writing to be like tracks. Books are like albums.

neverland

I've kept your chair open on the front porch
tipped over in the rain to keep it dry
where grateful dead burns by mosquito torch
a blue green fire kindled to keep me high
on these nights alight, dancing on the bar
hips slung, shirt riding up, belly moving
to the doors, garcia like bumper cars
with the prying neighbors disapproving
my hot pepper garden and tomatoes
baby spinach for our greens tomorrow
I just might harvest the gold potatoes
for breakfast (yours/mine) rather than borrow
a lawn mower cutting clover and grass
lest the wild things leave the looking glass

PJ Nights



PJ Nights was born and raised in the wild and ravishing state of Maine. For her, poetry is less about the concrete and more about the emotional and spiritual, about the sense of wonder she gets from a unique image or a surprising use of language. No particular formula works to elicit a reader's "gasps", but those quick breaths of appreciation when a poet's intent strikes home are what she looks for in poems and hopes to achieve with her own. She writes to keep her brain from turning to mush, and, hopefully, to leave little bits of beauty in her wake.

That Would Be Nice

1.

A plane is watching us play. Pots of coins
are boiling. A man goes downtown to fix
his risky profile, another opens up his narrow shoes
to breathe. The message on my machine,
Hello, we are conducting a survey, is distracting
my alias, pushing me through the wrong
windows. I am a big, slow-cleaning house child.
My bones come out to become other people who
help me wash dishes. Then the money comes out.

2.

A cramp in time, glacial currents, the businessmen
meeting in my halls slip on ice. I go to the backyard
to stutter with jackhammers. A man walks on the roof.
My tongue sleeps naked after drinking four beers,
the geese let out their rare black screams. Someday
I want to be found here, tipped forward. I am now
two kinds of people, I fly more and screw up less.
I can undermine winter, lie in the percale grass.

3.

A man steps down smooth clad stones, approaches
The Land of Eating and Sincerity. That would be nice.
Then the money comes out. A man walks on the roof, a stranger
who makes your bones come out. The house-child rubs
your winter nose, brings pots of coins, and becomes
other people for your cramps and glacial currents.
I go naked to the backyard, lie in the percale grass,
all the businessmen wash dishes.

Diana Adams

Diana Adams lives in
Edmonton, Alberta. She is
mother to three toddlers,
hard at work in

the test-kitchens of
language. She's interested
in poetry that manipulates
quirky and energetic

juxtapositions, and
language that leads, talks
back, ties disparate images
and ideas together.



Three Rings

For five years I filled a light green three ring binder with poems about you. Each sheet chronologically archived and dressed in clear plastic covers to avoid the paper from being stained, or damaged, or wounded by the bite of the three hole punching machine. Poems describing stares, kisses, and the taste of sweat. A lovemaking anthology told in color and scents. Poems about your hair and your breasts and your thighs and how each of them felt on my skin. Poems about fire and dark nights filled with moon and stars. It took five minutes on a night like that to set the light green binder on fire. Only the metal rings remained, all three equally black and welded shut.

Diego Quiros



Diego Quiros was born in Havana and grew up in Miami. His poetry reflects a state of deep self-reflection, and a passionate desire for beautiful words.



Seventy-Two Virgins

He wore a nylon jacket zipped to the neck, covering the Semtex and nails in the AK bandoleer.

He didn't realize the virgins on the bus were the ones he prayed for in the last cleansing. They would

join him at Allah's feet, each staring at him, holes and blood everywhere, ready to set on him, tear at his flesh.

Jim Fowler

Jim Fowler is the oldest of three wild sons and left his Massachusetts home to see the world in the Navy and to keep out of trouble. He became skilled in electronics, but it didn't satisfy him, so he decided not to stay in the service. When he was discharged, he did a BS, MS in mechanical engineering. He nearly switched majors to English, but being married with kids, writing wouldn't pay the bills. After a nine-year career at a chemistry company, he went off and started two companies in the biomedical area. At one, a young computer programmer asked him to critique a series of poems. This prompted him to start writing poetry, with the knowledge that short pieces condensed with each word working hard was his style. He has been writing poetry for ten years, hoping one or two pieces will be memorable.



Beautiful Worm

The cold white caulk of winter paste
presses down on the hyacinth
as well as the earthworm
that made it just one graceful gasp
from open air.

Yet, when the sun walks out
on the black arc of night
to infuse the sky
with hermetic kindness,
even the solid earth
bows with open arms
and, diplomatically,
the worm escapes,
pirouettes on a leaf,
faces the sun
thinking he himself
might well be as lovely as all that,
and basks like a lizard.

Edward Nudelman

Edward Nudelman was born and raised in Seattle, where he attended the University of Washington and pursued a career cancer research. He has written several books on an American illustrator (Pelican) and has about a dozen published poems in various journals. His

poetry deals with conflicts, comparisons and incongruities in nature, being and consciousness.



Three Definitions and Extraneous Comments

Helzel.

Noun.

An Ashkenazic dish
made from the neck skin
of kosher poultry
stuffed with matzah meal
and held together
with rendered fat or schmaltz,
all sewed up tightly
with edible thread.
When I was bar-mitzvahed
they never told me about
helzel. Kishke, yes-- but never
a word about helzel.

Bubo.

Noun.

A pathogenic swelling,
usually in the groin or armpit,
characteristic of certain
infections such as syphilis
and bubonic plague.
I once saw the doctor
about a lump in the saggy
part of my upper arm.
Thank God. It was not a bubo.

Schuhplattler.

Noun.

A traditional Tyrolean folk dance
often accompanied with
yodelling and associated
with a display of courtship.
When I was thirteen I
went to my first dance
at Debra Whitaker's house.
I can remember dancing
double-clutch to the
Righteous Brothers, but
I don't think anyone
was doing Schuhplattler.

I Picture Myself

I picture myself in bed with the devil.
Lucifer, horned. Our oiled skin pressing under
the full wolf moon. Balls of earthworms heave
bellow us. He shines, smooth purple,
and I, a goddess in blue.

I picture myself between the sheets with Jesus.
Christ, long fingered. I wash his scars, he
whispers wet in my ear. Between the white linen
and daylight our bodies soft on soft. We prism in
yellows, oranges and pinks.

I picture myself on a chair, legs spread,
an angel between my knees. We arc in hot,
white light then rise to the black sky. Her hands
are woven into mine. Our breasts weave
new constellations in silvery blue.

I picture myself with you.

All Men Cheat

A young father stands on the corner
hands locked behind his head. Elbows
east and west. His son,
half shadow looking up.
A mother has no arms. The soft,
round stubs, doorstops.

A young woman attracts men
with her scent. In her purse,
everything she needs.
A man wants.

They all stand on the same edge
of the same cliff with different
footing. If she slips, should he
catch her? Will he push her with
one hand, use the other hand
to bar another's chest like a mother
when she brakes quickly in the car?

As he bends over to decide, reflex,
it becomes clear. The outline of
a wallet in his back pocket. It is
there even when the wallet is not.
In it, almost everything he needs.

Michelle Buchanan



Michelle was born, raised and still resides in the same small town located in Upstate New York. She believes there are two types of people in this world, poets and non poets. What makes a poet is much more than his or her poems. It's what you do with "IT."

Having the right clothes helps, too. Michelle is positive many more poets will come out of the closet in the next few years and by 2010 the world will be one damn beautiful place because of it.

Hot Peach Smoothie

You, peach Camaro omelette
of an ovarian warrior,
rumbling, shiny in the sun, husky in my ear,
pawing the corduroy chrysalis in pantomime,
Fay bending the bars on the Kong cage
of my Renaissance.

You, fruits slung in low-riders,
all stemmy and gammy on the tree of life,
emptiness reaching out
like a V8-cylinder cocktail, tailing me.

You, savvy farmer,
picking the June pickling
for quick summer picnics in the hayfield.

Would I tug the slipping, pointing halter?
Would you be a split-fork
toaster muffin running with my
preserved strawberry?

In my sepia scrapbook,
I can see my nostrils sampling
the salt steam drifting
as a hot peach city smoothie
tops a country mushroom's first omelet.

No Reunion

Many disappeared. "For the good of the institution".
Their goodbyes, the hum of a midnight taxi, discrete.
These little holes in me.

Past feelings whisper at me, from that time.
Coins line the cave wall: the good people.
Lights that held the gauntlet open, birthed me.

I dream of forefingers on my chest.
Not for self, not for world either: for all us, they say.
Winged ants of depression ask: is your soul softening?
Oh no, not me: I know traps.
Was right not to trust the nice counselor.
Not to say things to the kids who were too grown up.
I dream of Spring lambs turning over the coals,
forever.
Souls dying in their taxis.
And I a silvering ram now, singed.

I know the shadows who remained.
I know their strange ways: I sussed them out.
My eyes are colder and clearer now.
Night walking: the crunch of leaves like used litmus.
Time is shark's teeth; no reverse, no rescue.

But tomorrow is waiting.
A rope leads into darkness, by my side.
The plane of my footprints shines in the moonlight.
The whorls in the silent river tell on hidden stones.
They also tell me to move on.

Jim Knowles

Jim Knowles was born in Boston, Mass, and grew up in Maine. He thinks of his writing a way for someone to wear the skin of his thoughts and explore their own spirit, a form of travel. Or, simply distilled states of mind, to evoke yours.



Dream Morning

Some rare morning imagined,
in my private eyelid cinema.

Fingers weaving in the local sky,
limbs and twigs,
new green spraying up from tips.

A slow spiral climb,
to a bench by a tower window,
above the trees,
music and napping under newsprint,
following raptors over the faint canopy.

The Earth works its rotisserie,
finally the day rolls to dim,
and rings show miles above,
faint, around a pale moon,
crystal halo in the fabric of tomorrow's rain.

Beside easels and telescopes,
a pedestal, and a twisting, shining
bubble serpent in a champagne flute,
a chain like metal pearls
ascending in a golden sea, continuously.

As an orange ball submerges
in the pond in the distance,
bands of scent, of herbs and meats
and smoldering bark, call out for company,
far below,
for someone to come love supper.



Under a Morning That Has No Blossoms

I fear
I may wake up alone,
under a morning that has no blossoms,
and walk over the corpses of things—
a room with stiff chairs that was home
for a year, the people coming and going, gone.

The sea seems to toss up its fears to the sky
till morning.
Gulls disappear over a curved shore,
sudden, swift, sure.

I sift, age--
a morning of differences,
a memory of turning in time.

Linda Benninghoff



Linda writes because she loves to read. A favorite poet of hers is Theodore Roethke; a favorite poem by him is "The Lost Son." While in college she was particularly interested in the poetry of Thomas Hardy. She liked his elegies—his poetry for his dead wife in "Satires of Circumstance." Hardy's language remains an influence.

Construction

I have faith in a crane, the way
it lifts steel and bundles of wood

swinging slightly above men
who never look up.

Sometimes I think it would be easier
with a hammer and nails. To build

something for someone else. My mother
points to God. And I think about the man

operating heavy machinery.
How it feels to wear an orange

vest. For safety reasons.
A hard hat.

But then I think about the way
you sound after the phone

is not enough. The way you lift me
against a tree, legs wrapped around your waist.

I never want to come back down.

Open Palm

We travel the same paths
everyday, out of habit or reflex
I don't know, for me it's a matter
of convenience, familiarity
with the pavement, like the grooves

in an open palm, there is no fortune
only the lines we were born with
a life leading up to a moment--

only three weeks ago
and I can still see the mark
where the ring used to be.

Shadows of Elephants on the Horizon

For a moment there is a break
in the clouds. Outside the window

there is fresh concrete. The men
have smoothed it out. Soon
there will be a roof.

In the news today: Saturn moon
full of holes. Like a sponge

or dice scattered. The t-shirts
are still where I left them
three months ago. But he

took down every picture of us.

Tammy F. Trendle



Tammy F. Trendle was born, raised and still resides in Atlanta, Georgia. She received her B.A. in English, cum laude, from Georgia State University in 1997, and works as a litigation paralegal. She considers her writing to be raw, honest, and often encompasses those things seen from her car's window while sitting in traffic. Also, she sometimes steals lines from her 3-year-old son (who is a much better poet than she).

The Baptism of a Bicycle

I ask him about forgiveness.
He tells me of the rain
and how he needs to mow
the lawn. Where I live

there is a drought. Grass
breaks beneath each step
towards my mother's
mailbox. An empty
womb. An invisible

dog leaves footprints
on the sidewalk. When the cement
was wet, it was his father who
taught him how

to kiss. His childhood,
like the removal of foreskin.
A formality. To forgive

a flat tire. Sometimes legs
are not enough. To pedal
naked beside guilt until
the water's edge. Before,

it was a feeling
of swallowing buildings,
an attempt to drown
metal. Now, it is

a love affair with air
planes. And I am barefoot

on dry land. Forgiveness,
he says, but first
you have to wait
for the flood.

About the Best of Café Café

Didi Menendez first opened an online community back in 1999. From there, the idea of starting a magazine using the community member's poetry evolved. The online location of Café Café has varied throughout the years. First, we were located at www.ezboard.com. Later, we moved to an online blog of sorts, and finally, we have settled in [facebook.com](https://www.facebook.com). You can join us there at anytime and share your poems. Who knows, maybe you will end up with an imaginary flamingo and a poem published in *MiPOesias Magazine*.

Didi Menendez

Dulce Maria Menendez aka Didi is the publisher of *MiPOesias Magazine*. She was born in Santo Suarez (a neighborhood in Havana), Cuba in 1960. Her family settled in Florida shortly after the Revolution. Besides Miami, she has lived in Los Angeles, where she graduated from Hollywood High School in 1978. Besides Florida and California, she has lived in other States including Texas, Alaska and North Carolina. She currently calls the Internet her home state.

Holly Picano

Holly Picano earned her degree in advertising design from the Art Institute of Fort Lauderdale. Her advertising background was a springboard for her colorful, stylized portraits of women. With emotion fueled by music and pop culture, Picano creates flat color fields that have an electric "pop" when placed beside another, and this electricity becomes sensual when paired with erotic poses and suggestive looks. Besides being a featured artist at Walt Disney World, the Orlando Museum of Art, Universal Studios, the Hard Rock Hotel, and MTV, Picano's works have been printed in the books *Madonna in Art* and *Marilyn in Art*. She recently was selected by the United Arts to appear painting in an advertisement.

April Carter Grant

April Carter Grant was born in a barn in the late '70s. After working as a creative in the advertising, gaming, and travel industries, April started her own design and marketing service to help new businesses launch. In October 2006, she was one of eight finalists in the Cut + Paste Digital Design Tournament, and most recently, she was invited to demonstrate features of Adobe's Creative Suite 3 (CS3) at the Adobe Creative License Conference in Hollywood. She lives in Los Angeles with her husband Dan.

On the Death of the Zombie King

I read about it in the newspaper, but they got it all wrong. I know how it really went down: his flowered crown had wilted badly in the moonlight. Such a shame, really. He was such an impressive specimen despite his pupil-less eyes, and lack of the usual social graces.

Personally, I will miss, most of all, his penis, rotting away it's true but so uplifting. Some say he was circumcised as an adult, but I believe he let nature take its fragile course.

Not that the sex was great, or anything. He had difficulties focusing on the task at hand, perhaps because his hand wasn't his own to control, but still his charm made up for his deficiencies in -- what's the word?

Performance. That's it. And he did try as well as anyone similarly situated could. Besides I was drawn by more than just his sheer animal magnetism, if you must know. It was his voice or the absence thereof. Such beauty in silence

I've never experienced before. Imagine, then my surprise when finally he uttered what proved to be his final word to me, only last week, but already an eternity ago subjectively speaking. Just the word: "Platypus" and then he stopped

moving for good. And I thought it was a joke, you know, some sort of April Fools' gag, but his arms fell to his side like hydraulic lifts when the fluid runs out: slow and a bit squeaky as they descended. I tried mouth to mouth, but his lips prevented

a good seal, and breathing was never one of his strong suits. So, yes, I cried for a bit, I'm not ashamed to admit it. Love is hard to find, and a soul mate? You can answer that question as well as I. Still, I can't help wondering

if somewhere, someday, we'll meet again in a better world, one without the obligatory stares and fearful looks, where two people can live out their dream without regard to what animals might come between them. Especially the slugs

which, I confess, I found hard to explain to friends and family, both. Not that they weren't cute, in a slimy sort of way, once you got used to the smell. I used garlic and butter to fry them up, when they got to be too much

to bear. Escargot without the shell, I told him, and I swear, I almost saw a hint of a smile. But that's me, trying to remember the good times because I'm just an optimist, at heart. And what else do you expect? Losing a lover

is always hard, hardest on the one left behind with only her unfulfilled dreams to keep her warm at night. Which by the way, is still when I think of him the most; in the long hours before dawn his friends all around, all their arms outstretched,

reaching to God, or whatever strange call they heard as they carried me along, part of their festive swarm, more happy, more alive, than I've ever been before or since. And always, always, following his lead, one step at a time, into the gloom.

Tara Birch

Tara Birch was born in a Southeastern state, though she only lived there a short time. Her parents, both being native South Dakotans, naturally decided to move the family to Colorado when she was still a child, and that is why Ms. Birch lost all traces of her southern accent and developed a deep and abiding love of mountains. Now a half-century old, Ms. Birch is a retired attorney due to a disability with two children. She began writing poetry to amuse herself and to have something to do with all her spare time, having exhausted the capacity of daytime television to fulfill those functions. She's been told that there are times when her poems also amuse others. She writes both formal and free verse poetry. Her favorite form is the villanelle, though she will attempt the odd sonnet now and again. Familiar themes in her poems include religion, sexuality, her children, and the beauty of natural world. Often her poems have a melancholy cast to them, even when they are written in a comedic vein.

Play me those
bagpipes on the
jukebox

They've stolen my voice.
Though I don't know why they would want it.
They're broadcasting it over the loudspeaker.
And I haven't even said anything yet.
And my penis, too. Though I don't know what
they could possibly do with it. They're laughing
so loud. And I haven't even used it yet.
We all have to stand naked in the middle of the hall.
And fumble for the proper clothes to wear for the next 20 years.
No one goes blind. Not even the nuns trying to break the habit.
Though the way we poke at love. We might as well be.
In the corner of the closet, there's a box we must learn to forget.
'No, I don't know you. Please stop looking at me like that.'
And everybody is growing. Growing so fast.
Even the books you once loved won't stay on the shelf.
Some are camping on the roof to get a different angle.
They've outgrown their houses and all the people in it.
Others are trusting their barefeet to know where the beam is.
'But we. We...' 'Please, don't make me call the cops.'
Across the Lake of Scotland, the Loch Ness Monster
whispers to his Loch Ness Partner, 'I know you don't
believe me. But they exist. I've seen them.' One is
desperately crawling, trying to make it to the phone.
Scottish bagpipes play an old religious tune. The words
hang like fine whiskey over the Scottish moon.
'The ledge is never where you think it is. The light either.'
And everybody—Man, Woman and Monster—is suddenly
redeemed. By a jukebox and four quarters. And free.
To laugh the laugh of the naked. And go on laughing
like nothing ever happened.

I don't
know
how it
happened

but the chickens have decided
they'd like to have lips
and the plastic chicken surgeon
was happy to oblige
he'd already made their breasts so big
it was a natural step
and now the butterflies have declared
they'd like to hold nets
and how we laughed
when they started chasing
the men in their silly shorts
and funny white hats
and almost cracked a rib
watching them pump
frantic legs
into the sunset
and here we are
the butterfly and me
sitting in the front row
watching brand new chickens
strut down the runway
as she says Oh Sweet Man
isn't the world a lovely place?
and I reply Oh yes Miss Butterfly
and growing more so
by the minute



Ray Sweatman

Ray Sweatman was born and grew up in Atlanta, Georgia. He lived in New York, LA, Arizona, Saudi Arabia. Came back. His work has been compared to James Tate and Charles Simic, which he finds wondrously flattering.



Insatiable

The mackerel are as charred and flat
as the tomatoes are red and round.

There is magic in random numbers,
a message in the three dead fish

and the five fruit, ripe and grotesque.
A trinity of skeletons, and an uneven

yield, a harvest that keeps everything
off balance. The green tomato waiting

on the sill will not make a whole.
Even if you put a hand clear through,

you would not believe you'd seen the holy
ghost. Fork and knife suspended above

the heaping plateful of food; your belly
growls, but you cannot move. Later,

you'll remember how the eyes stared
at you like god. How, in the distance,

the apocalypse burned. This is how
Lot's wife felt just before she turned

around. Soles too blistered, too tired
to move the body forward. And a hunger

despite the plenty; an empty stomach,
a bereft vessel. A hole that could not be filled.

The Lives of Knives and Other Sharp Objects

Pink's for little girls. Paint me
red. Look out: I'm a woman

now. I swear the slit opened
of its own volition, ma.

My vagina talks to itself.
It says: You've seen one penis,

you've seen 'em all.
And yet, you're still envious.

My womb's an empty
purse made from a sow's

ear. Not even a stone
baby rattles in that cavern

let alone loose change.
Sister, can you spare me

a fetus? I've counted my eggs
and hard-boiled them.

My knives have lives
of their own. I've baptized

each blade, given each edge
names like Lucifer and Dolores.

At night, my knives pull
themselves out of the block

and clatter on the floor,
the sound of cold laughter.

Don't fall on us; do it yourself,
they caw in their shiny voices.

My wrists, those thin-skinned
twins, have become transparent.

I call them Numb and Number
as I watch blood blue the veins.

I have no regrets. I'm an animal.
In my mind, I have already lived

forever. Death is just a strange,
sweet stink on the wind.

Sometimes I take a whiff and wonder.
The soul is snow melted

by the thaw. And love is a skull
picked clean by scavengers.

Laurel K Dodge

Laurel was born in a city and grew up in the woods. Laurel considers her writing to be. It just is.

Let's Frisbee this picture back to 1987

Give me your hand, Jordan of Kool-Aid
mustaches. Here, at our elementary recital,
I play the wooden xylophone on
the offbeat. You've got a new silver
tambourine. We razz the unlucky
side-stage clappers, those rhythmless
nose pickers. The adults arrive like guests
among our stickered desks and piles of bright,
stacked paperbacks. Daddies in their work boots,
nail grease, or monkey suits. Moms in smart
sweater sets, shoulders padded, or in
their baby-spotted sweats, still spiked
with tremor, eyes at a constant
red and water. Somebody's got a slim
Polaroid with a faulty flash—the film
unfurls in picture ribbons, wrecked
by the checkerboard of cafeteria
fluorescents. After we toot and hammer
the anthem, we show them stars and
cartoon faces on our expressive art pictures.
Here's mom on the ship and here's dad starboard.
I'm swabbing the deck (this unit,
we've learned about pirates, or buccaneers,
or sea dogs, and their mercenary expeditions,
their barrels of mixed liquor, their fearless
pilfering of treasures, their lack of home
at harbor, their family of criminals). I can
judge the weight of your interest by
the fuzzy focus of your eyes. Honey,
mommy can only look at one thing
at a time now. Look, here's a house
I colored that we're all too tall to enter.
We stand outside it in the snow-piled
winter without our mittens or jackets.
The dog's head hangs out the crooked window.



Letitia Trent

Letitia Trent grew up in Vermont and Southeastern Oklahoma and now lives in Brattleboro, VT with her cat and husband. She's interested in cut-ups, Oulipo techniques, and poems that have velocity. She is a co-editor of 21 Stars Review.

An Adult Relationship

He said he was not
a boy's kite or the burden
of its twine around his fist
or the sky it beats in *I cannot have*
your name tattooed on me

It occurred to me then that dying
is when he'll be touched
by the cigar's lit end

The string tugged, then snapped, and I
dropped to my knees finally and had

to repeat one can fall in
love one must fall in love one
must fall in love one must.

I think you are coming to me

but you turn and are
off with your new acquaintance
still sitting at the edge
of an alarming illness

You who acquired
a taste for charcoal
a madness for the powder
inside caplets

still believe it will
resolve itself
by itself Your great faith

in boiling water
and delicate instruments!

*(A cup of weak tea will
start me off proper)*

This day is ten degrees colder
than any day
that has come before it I forgot

to mention that in your absence
I have started eating plaster
flour salt dirt and ashes

FEATURING

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